

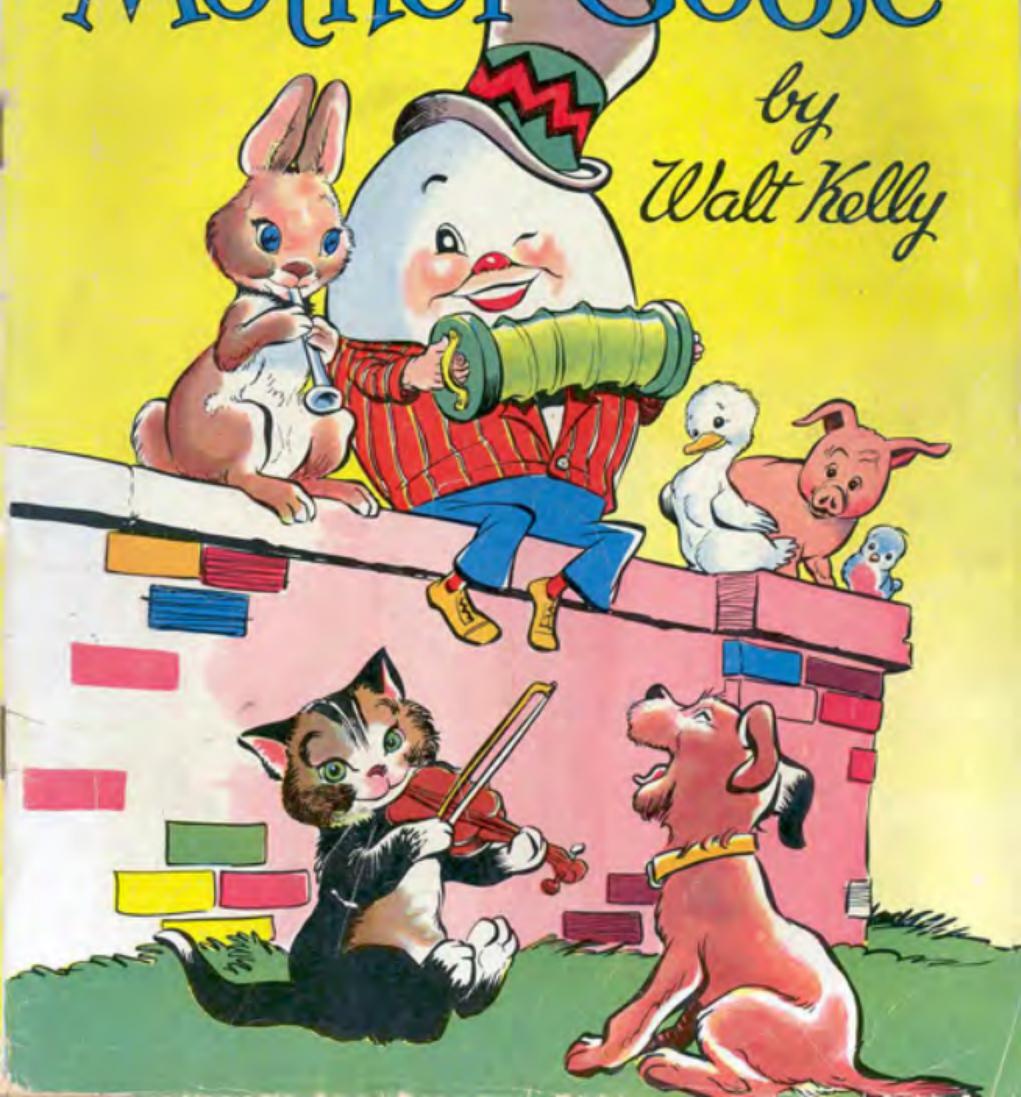
A DELL
A DELL COMIC
10¢
NO. 185

EASTER

with

Mother Goose

by
Walt Kelly



WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM





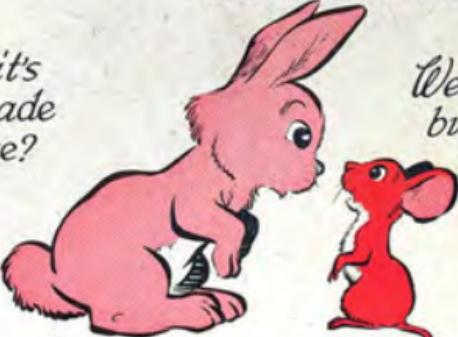
The Moon

*High, high
In the blue night sky,
The white moon rides.*

*Black silver clouds
Drift slowly by,
And then the white moon hides.*

*You say it's
really made
of cheese?*

*It looks more like
an egg to me—
A silver egg in a
deep blue sea.*



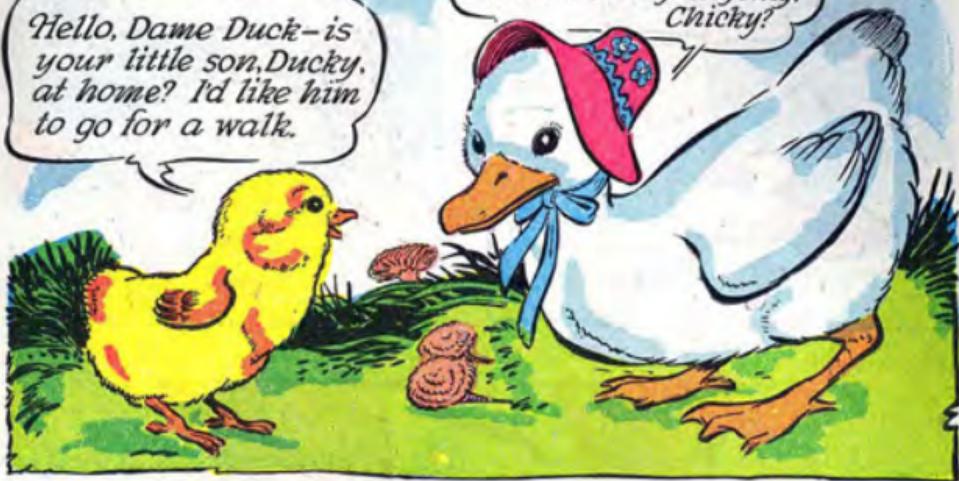
*Well, maybe so—
but, if you please,*



The Lost Chick

Hello, Dame Duck—is your little son Ducky at home? I'd like him to go for a walk.

Where are you going, Chicky?



Into the woods to look for the Easter Bunny.

Oh, my! I wouldn't let Ducky go into the woods...



I'll wager your mother doesn't know your plans!

Humph! I'm big enough to take care of myself!



My goodness! I'm nearly a week old—can't be tied to home forever.

Of course—it is rather scarey here in the deep woods.



Things are after
me—goblins—
monsters—
ogres—

That's funny.
I haven't
seen any.



Of course—who-
ever heard of
anything chasing
a grasshopper?

I have.



But if you think a
grasshopper's so much
safer than a chick,
why don't you try
being a grasshopper?



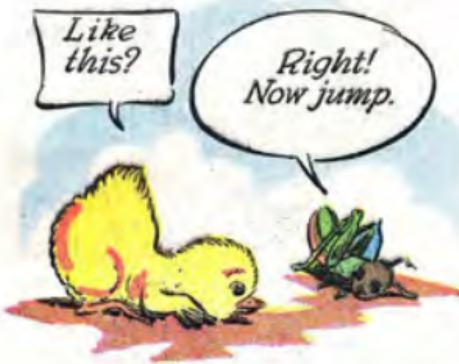
But
how?

Just crouch
down and jump
around.



Like
this?

Right!
Now jump.



Whee!
Like this?

Whee! Yes,
now land!

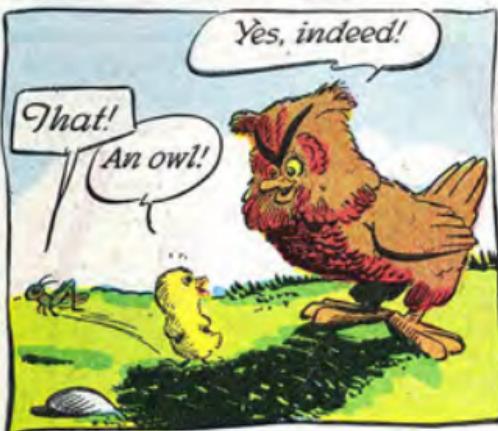


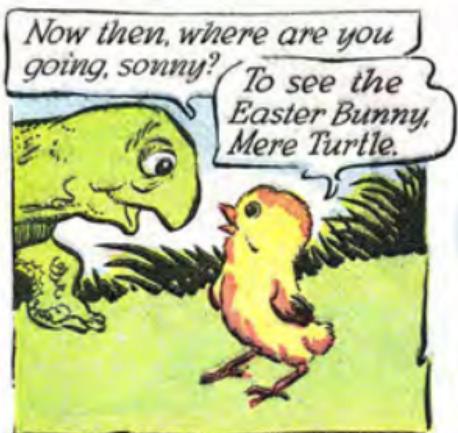
Oof!
Like this?

Well, not
quite...

You're supposed
to land lightly
on your-oop!
Look out!

For
what?





Just climb up on my back, Chicky. I'll take you to the Easter Bunny.

Oh, thank you, Mere Turtle!



My, you're brave, living in the deep woods all alone.



I don't mean to find fault, Mere Turtle, but this looks like the way home—we won't find the Easter Bunny here.



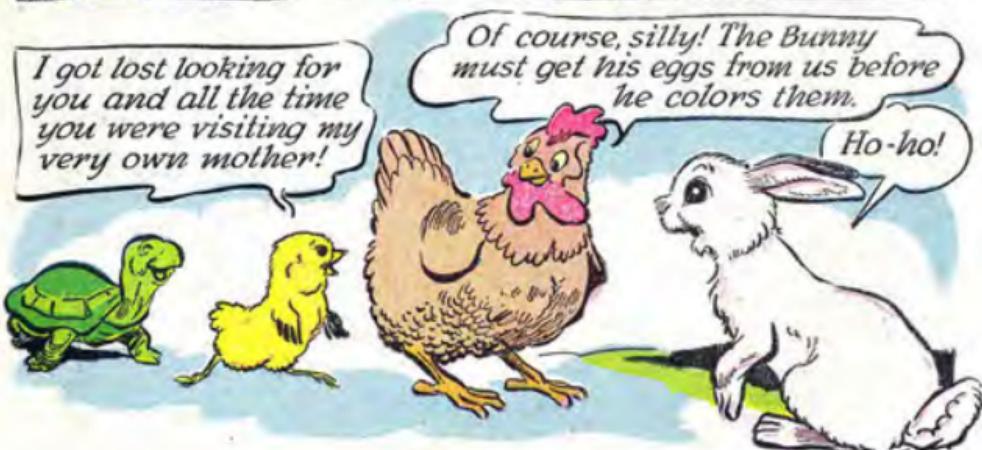
Look over in your own back yard.



I got lost looking for you and all the time you were visiting my very own mother!

Of course, silly! The Bunny must get his eggs from us before he colors them.

(Ho-ho!



The Candy Egg



Suppose the world were a candy egg
With at one end a wee peek hole.



If I were a
mouse I'd
crawl right in
Like a little
burrowing
mole.

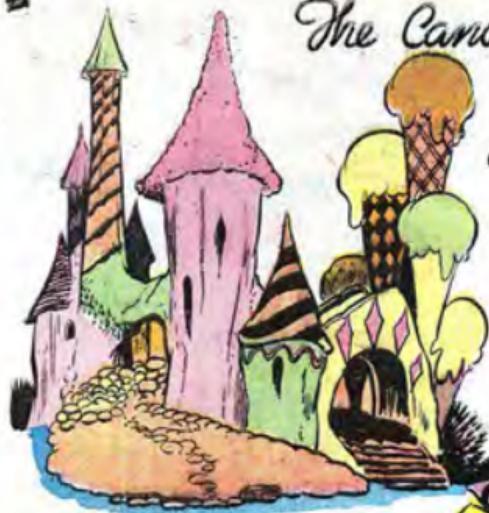


Inside ther'd be
forests of
candy canes



With lemon
drop leaves
on licorice
lanes,

The Candy Egg



And sugar castles with
sugarplum blooms
With hundreds of thousands
of ice cream rooms.



And while I was eating,
maybe I'd meet
A lollipop man with
gumdrop feet.



Or a gingerbread
lady with
marshmallow hair,



Or a peppermint
pieman on the
way to the
fair.

The Candy Egg

*And maybe I would take a ride
In a piecrust boat on
a soda lake,*



*And land near a peanut
brittle tree
At a dock made all of
chocolate cake.*

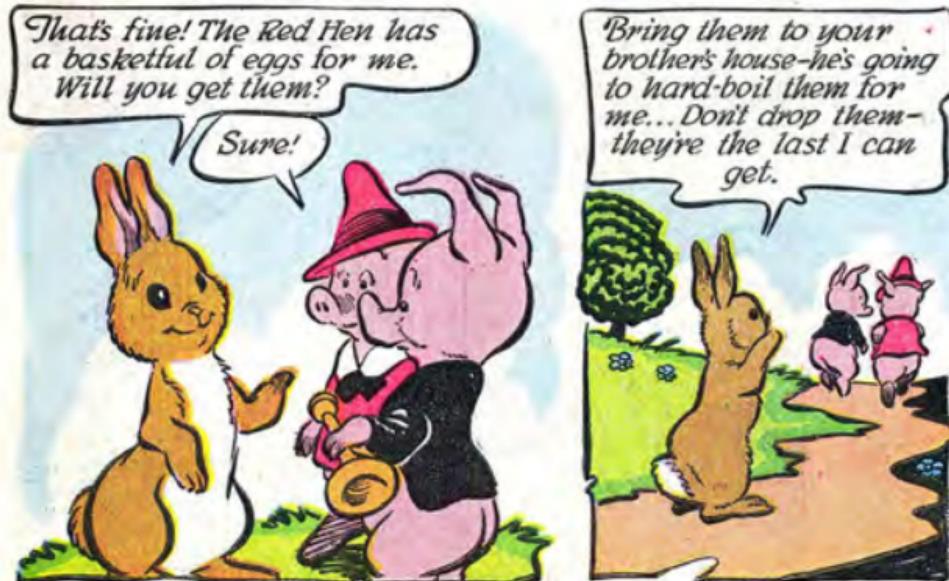
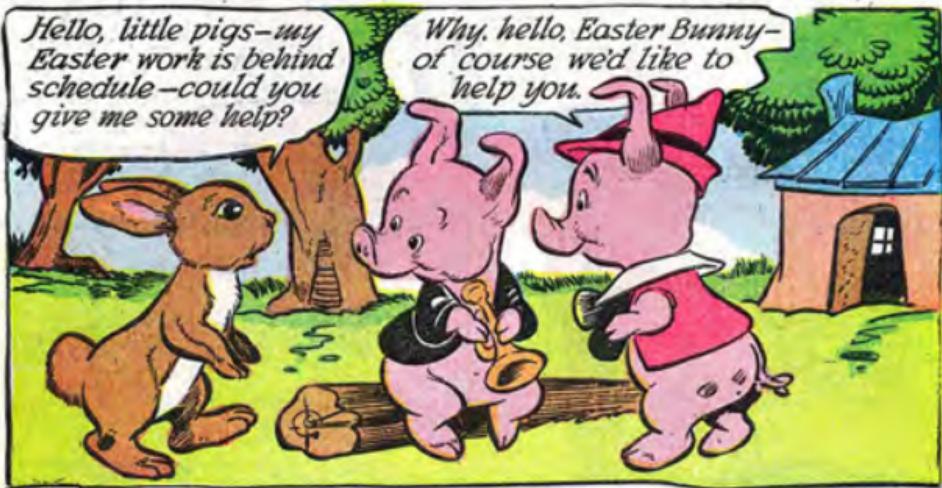


*But suppose I ate
too much
Of popcorn snow and
nuts and such.*



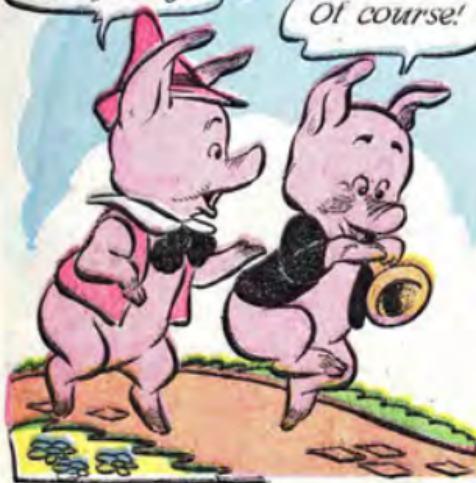
*On going home I'd curse my luck.
With a tummy full - I'd sure
be stuck!*

The Three Pigs help the Bunny



As if we would fall down
and break the eggs or
something! Why, we could
hard-boil them and
everything!

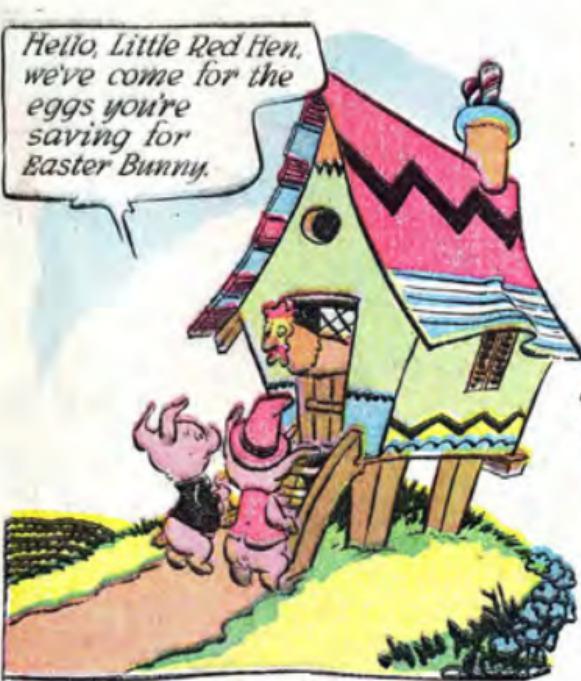
Of course!



We're not clumsy!
Let's surprise the
Easter Bunny by
fixing the eggs all
by ourselves.



Hello, Little Red Hen,
we've come for the
eggs you're
saving for
Easter Bunny.



Here they are, Little
Pigs, but be careful
of them-take them
right to your
brother's house.



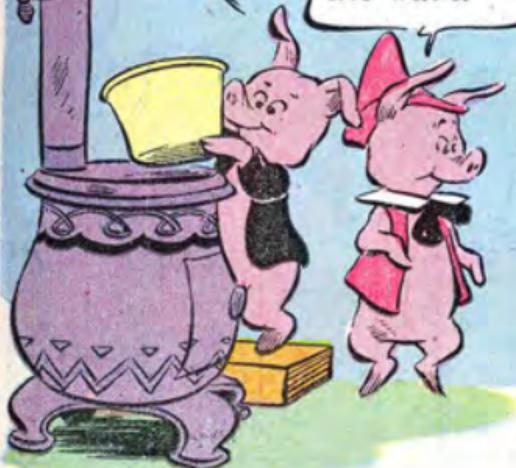


I'll put
the water
on to boil.

Mm - it sounds
like someone is
coming up
the walk.

It's the Wolf!

Rowr!



We'll bar
the door.

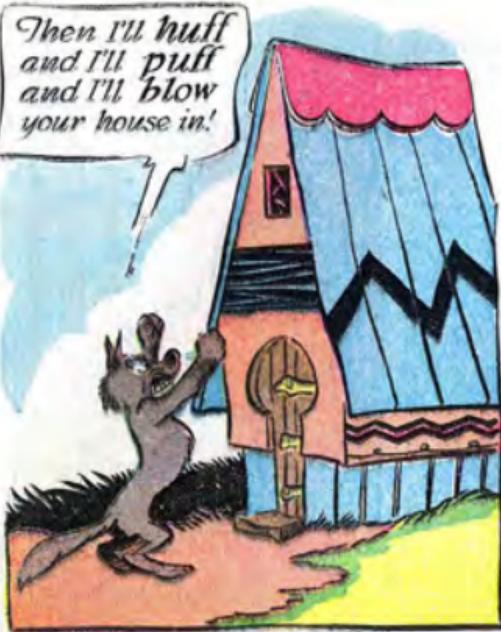
SLAM!

Open the door
and let me in!

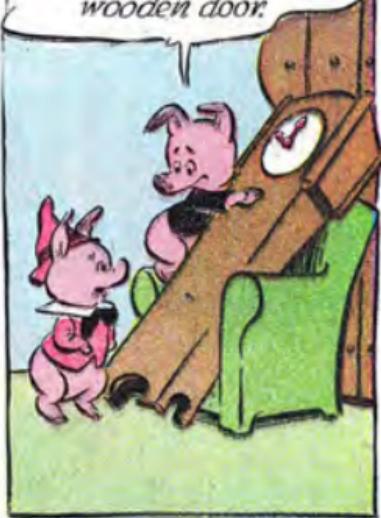
Not by
the beard
of your
chinny
chin chin'



*Then I'll huff
and I'll puff
and I'll blow
your house in!*



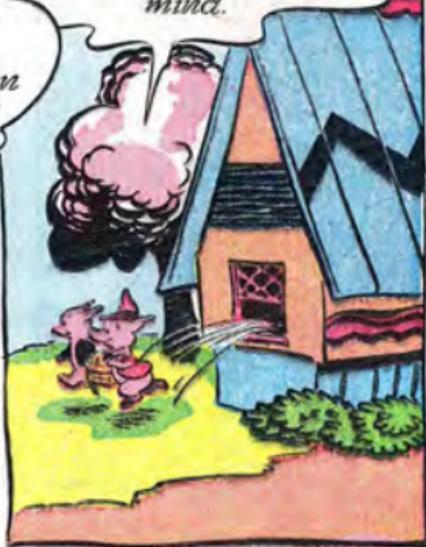
*It will do no good to
pile on more—
He can blow down our
wooden door.*

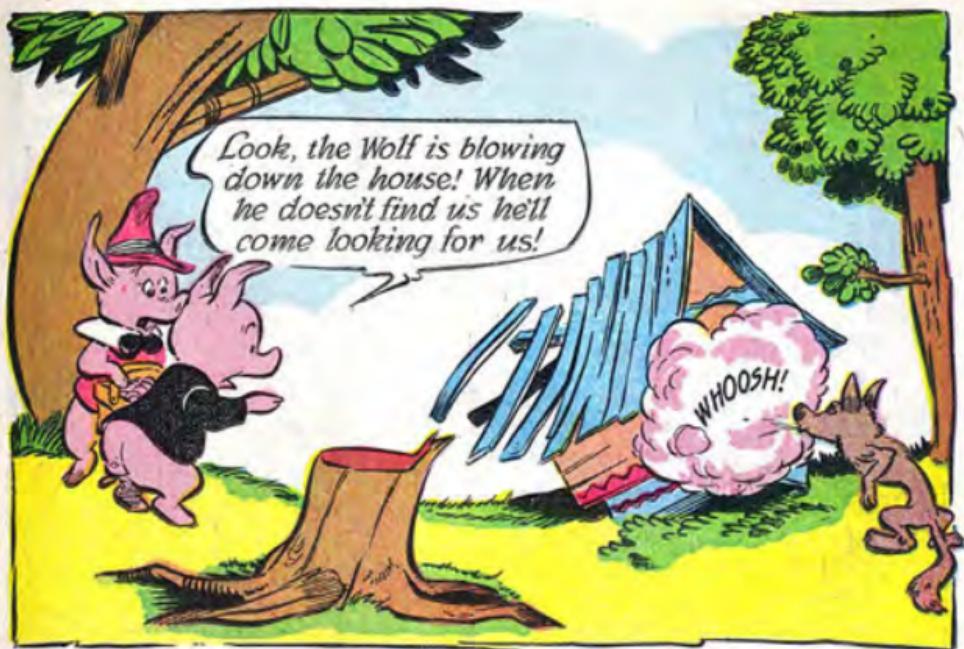


*We'll outwit the Wolf
quick as pie.
Out the window and
say good-bye!*

*Don't forget the
Easter eggs
Before you run
off on your
legs.*

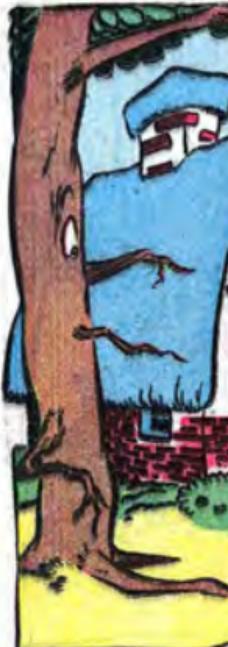
*Yes, if we left those eggs
behind
Easter Bunny'd lose his
mind.*







My! Do you hear someone running in the woods?



Yes, I do! Sounds like somebody being chased!



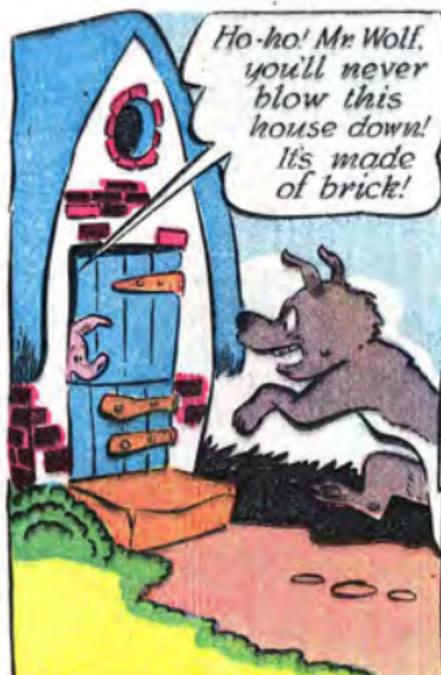
There's our brother's brick house—if we get inside we'll be safe.



The Wolf is after us!
He wants to eat us
and the eggs!



We need the eggs!
Come in.



Ho-ho! Mr. Wolf,
you'll never
blow this
house down!
It's made
of brick!



Little Miss Muffet On Easter Day

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
On a bright, bright
Easter Day.
Along came a bunny
Who looked quite funny
In a yellow and
pink beret.



The Baby Chick



There is a little baby chicken
Who gobbles corn up
very quicken.

He eats as much
as any piggie,
Although he isn't
very biggie.



And this would make
a bulldog sicken.



I had a little Nut Tree



I had a little
nut tree



But nothing would
it bear



But a fancy Easter egg
and a purple pear



The Easter egg was filled
with spice



And sugar and sausage
and everything nice



But somebody stole it,
probably mice;

'Twas more than I could bear!

Into the **EGG** with the Pied Piper



*With many a toot and many a trill,
The happy Pied Piper came over the hill.*



*"Ho, shepherd boy, what is yon town
On which this flowered hill looks down?"*



"Why, that, sir, is old Hamlin, of
unhappy renown,
Upon which this high flowered hill
looks smilingly down."

"Unhappy? How so? and why
look you so sad?"
"Sit down and I will
tell you," said the
shepherd lad.



"Probably the trouble is we
have not enough cats.
For the houses, streets, and
trees are overrun
with rats."

"Rats?" said the Piper,
looking rather wise—
"Rats!" said the shepherd,
and then popped his eyes.



For there in his very
luncheon sack
A bright eye peered through
a little crack.

"Behold!" exclaimed the
shepherd lad.
"Another rat! This
makes me mad!"



They eat our food, they
foul each home,
They steal each thimble,
knife or comb—



The mayor has offered a
thousand pounds
To him who runs them
out of bounds."



A thousand pounds
sounds good to me.
Just tell me who is
the man to see!"

"He's at the borough hall
in town:
I'll be proud to take
you down."



The Piper followed through
Hamlin's gate.
The shepherd led at a
rapid rate.



The Mayor said, 'Aye, yours
is the entire purse
If you rid fair Hamlin of
this evil curse.'



"I'll do it sure!" was the
Piper's cry,
And quickly too, or I'll know why!"



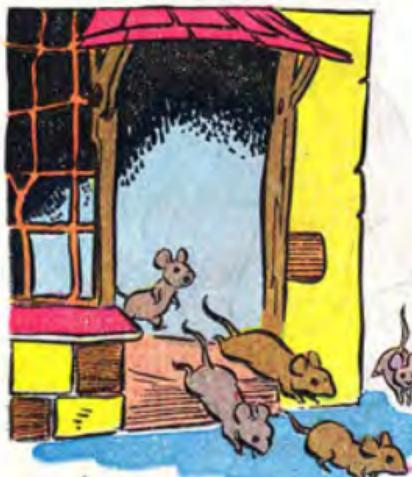
The Mayor cried, 'Tis too
much to ask
That you may succeed
on this task.'



The Piper stepped into
the street
And blew a note most
wondrous sweet



It curled and trickled like
maiden's tears,
The rats stopped eating—
pricked their ears.



And then from every
home and shop
The rats streamed out—
they did not stop.



Till they gathered round
the Piper's feet—
The old, the young, the
slow, the fleet.



A rippling tune he
played them then
And off they danced
like tiny men.



Through Hamlin's gate he
led the stream,
The rats entranced, their
eyes agleam.



Then across fields to the
river bank
The Piper led them rank
on rank.

His pipe wailed out in
fiendish scream;
The rats plunged into the
rippling stream.



The last one soon had
disappeared.
Gone was the plague the
town had feared.

"Three cheers!" exclaimed the
shepherd boy,
And the Piper danced a
jig of joy.



*Back to the Mayor went
the Piper bold,
And asked him for the
purse of gold.*

*"Well," said the Mayor, "Let's
not be hasty.
A leisurely cook makes
a pudding tasty."*



*"Of course," said the Piper. "But
let's not take all day—
Give me my money. I
want my pay—"*



*"Your money, of course," the
Mayor swung 'round
And before the Piper he
threw one golden pound.*



"One pound!" the Piper cried,
"You gave your word!
A thousand pounds—the
boy here heard!"

"One pound!" the Mayor
roared, "You lout!
And now, begone! Begone!
Get out!"



The Piper heard the
townsfolks' jeers,
Men who'd greeted him
with cheers.

With singing pipe he stepped
to the street.
From every home came
the tap of feet.

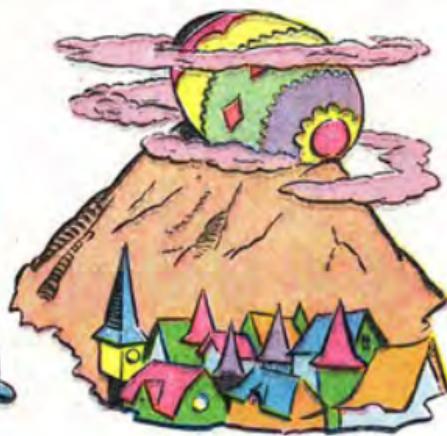


The rippling of each
soaring note
Was a fairy song from
an elfin throat.

The children of Hamlin danced
down the street;
The Piper led them on,
twinkling feet.



Out through the gates of
Hamlin town.
The townsfolk cried. "Stop
him—they'll drown."



But no! On the brow of
old Mount Peg
There appeared like magic
a monstrous egg.



*In one end hung a
fanciful door;
None had seen its
like before.*



*Into the gateway the
piper danced;
The children followed with
faces entranced.*



*Into a land of sunshine and flowers,
Glistening with fountains and blossomy bowers,
Away from a town of money and greed
To a place where "Fair play" was ever the creed.*

The Little Bunny



There was a little bunny, whose ears and nose were pink,



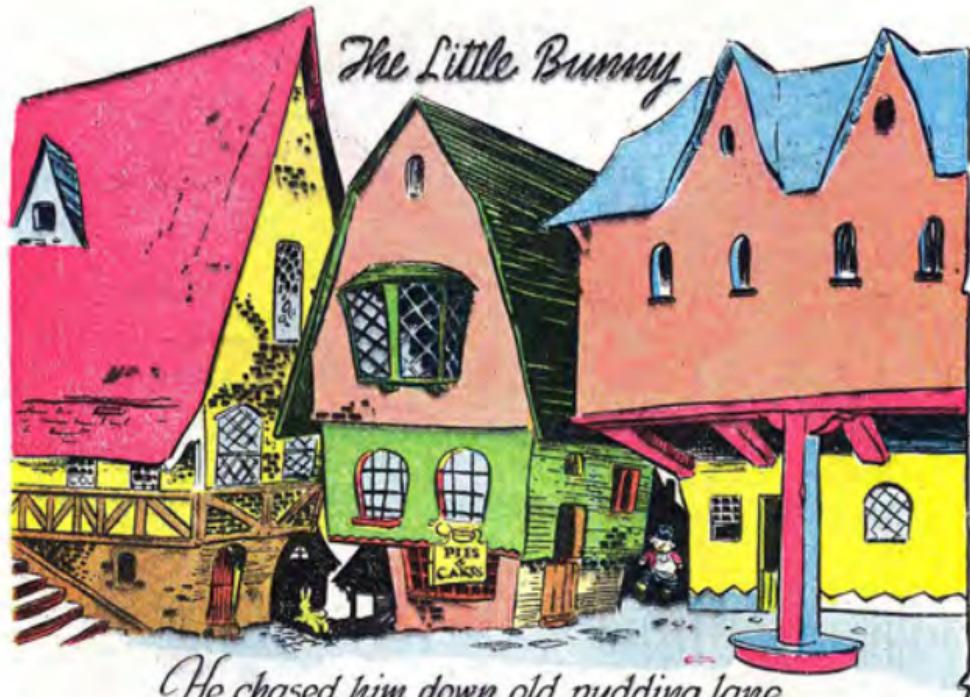
And he could —

hop and hop and hop
As fast as you can wink.

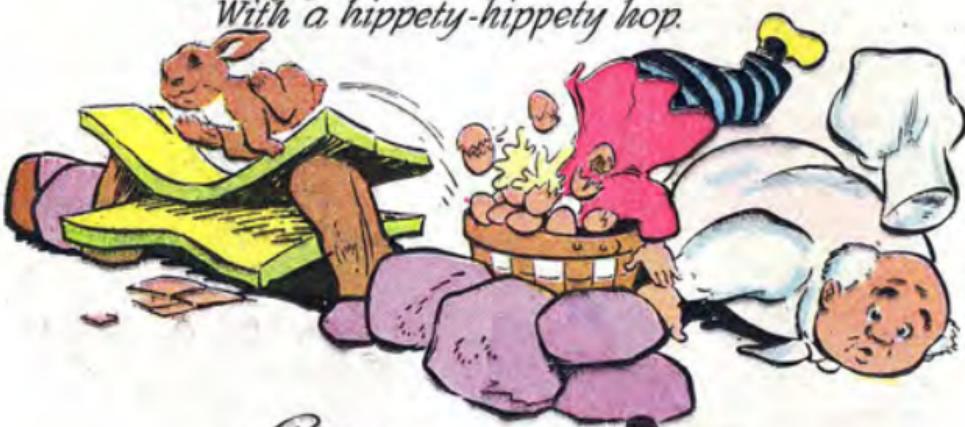
Now who should spy the bunny
But Tom, the Piper's son,
And he chased him
And he raced him
As fast as he could run.



The Little Bunny



He chased him down old pudding lane,
Behind the pieman's shop.
Bunny jumped o'er the crooked stile
With a hippety-hippety hop.

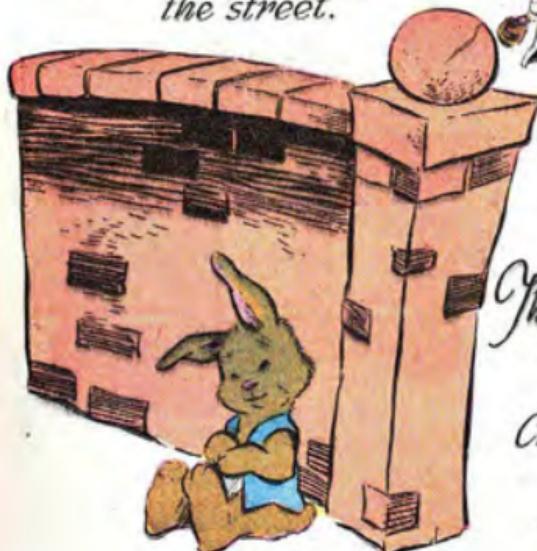


But Tom upset the pieman
And, tripping over his legs,
He landed right atop his crown
In a basketful of eggs.

The Little Bunny



The pieman shouted angrily,
"Those eggs were for a treat!"
So Tom received a spanking
And went roaring down
the street.



Then the tiny little bunny,
Whose ears and nose
were pink,
Chuckled and giggled away
to himself
As quiet as you can
wink.

Two Jacks



Jack
jumps over
the Easter
egg.

Jack will
whistle,
Jack will
beg,



Little Jack Horner kneels in the corner,
Watching the Easter bun.
He's hiding an egg 'neath the table leg,
And now he's off on the run.

Humpty Dumpty



*And as for the Easter
Bunny and his Easter
eggs—that's all
foolishness.*



*Oh-sniff-sniff—
now old Humpty
Dumpty won't be
at the party*



*But I'll hurry after him
and see if I can't get him
to come anyway.*

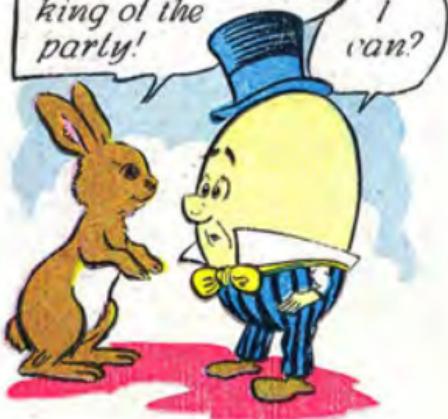


*Oh, come on to the party,
Humpty.*



*Why, you can be the
king of the
party!*

*I
can?*



*Well, all right,—but I
still don't think
much of Easter
egg parties.*



I'll dash in and tell Boppep
that you'll be king of
the party.



Humpty Dumpty has
promised to be king of
the party!



Naturally
I'll expect
a crown.



Why, I'll gladly cut
one out of this
gold paper.

And how
about robes?



I'll bring out that
red velvet curtain.



Now then, where's
the throne?

Goodness, Humpty
Dumpty, aren't you
being a little big

for your
boots?



Humph—if you won't give me a throne,
I'll sit on this wall
where I can look
down on all my
silly subjects.

My goodness, old
Humpty is so con-
ceited I'm sorry
we invited him.

Yes—
so am I.



And now look! He's
swelling up so much
with pride that he's
losing his balance!

There he goes!

HALP!



Now look at you—a broken
egg because you were so
conceited.

So you admit
you're an egg,
Mr. Dumpty.

Oh, yes—I'm
sorry I was
so foolish.



Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater



Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't
keep her.

He put her in a pumpkin
shell
And thought he'd keep
her very well.



But one day, when going
up the hill.
With his friends, young
Jack and Jill.



Peter tripped and
when he fell,
He cracked the yellow
pumpkin shell.

Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater



Jill exclaimed, "Now
don't you stew—
For here's exactly
what to do—"

The Easter Bunny took
an egg—
And, standing on a
fancy keg,

In one end he chopped
a door
With little steps that
numbered four.



He painted windows on
the side,
And Peter gaily said
with pride,
"Here my wife can
live quite well;
It's better
than a
pumpkin
shell!"

See a Hen

See a hen
and pick it up



And perhaps you will not sup.



But see a hen
and leave it lay
And an egg
you'll have
that day.



Wee Willie Winkie



Wee Willie
Winkie runs
through the
town.



downstairs,
in his nightgown.



Upstairs,



Peering through the windows,
Peeking through the lock,



Putting eggs in baskets



To hide behind the clock.



"Here is something to
look at quick!"
Said the Easter Bunny
to the Easter Chick.

The Quangle-Wangles Hat

by Edward Lear

On the top of the
crumpety tree
The Quangle-Wangle sat.
But his face you
could not see
On account of his
beaver hat.



For the hat was one
hundred and two feet wide
With ribbons and bibbons
on every side,
With bells and buttons
and loops and lace,
So that nobody ever
could see the face
Of the Quangle-Wangle
Quee!

The Quangle-Wangle's Hat



The Quangle-Wangle said
To himself on the crumpety tree
"Jam and jelly and bread
Are the best of food for me!"

"But the longer I live
On this crumpety tree,
The plainer than ever
It seems to me

That very few people
Come this way
And that life on the whole
Is far from gay,"
Said the Quangle-Wangle Quee.



The Quangle-Wangle's Hat

But there came to the crumpety tree,
Mr. and Mrs. Canary,
And they said, "Did you ever see
Any spot so charmingly airy?"



"May we build a nest on your lovely hat?
Mr. Quangle-Wangle, grant us that!
Oh, please let us come and build a nest
Of whatever material suits you best,
Mr. Quangle-Wangle Quee!"

And besides, to the crumpety tree



the duck and the owl.



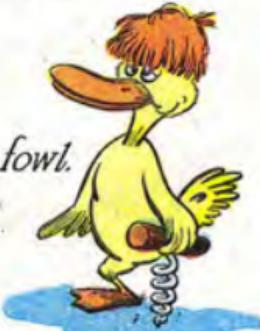
Came the stork,



the snail and the bumblebee.



The frog and
the fimble fowl.



The Quangle-Wangle's Hat



The nimble fowl with the corkscrew leg
And all of them said, "We humbly beg
We may build our homes on your lovely hat,
Mr. Quangle-Wangle, grant us that!
Mr. Quangle-Wangle Quee!"



The golden
grouse
came there



and the
pobble who
has no toes.

And the small
olympian bear

and the dong
with the luminous
nose.



The Quangle-Wangle's Hat



The blue baboon
who played
the flute



And the
orient calf
from the
Land of Tute



And the
atty
squash



and the
biskey
bat

All came and built on
the lovely hat
Of the Quangle-Wangle
Quee!



The Quangle-Wangle's Hat



And the Quangle-Wangle said
To himself on the crumpety tree,
"When all these creatures move about
What a wonderful noise there'll be!"

And at night by the light of the mulberry moon
They danced to the flute of the blue baboon
On the broad green leaves of the crumpety tree.
And all were happy as happy could be
With the Quangle-Wangle Quee!





Easter Outfit



I'll have to wash
behind my ears
And shine my face
quite clean,

And brush
my hair,

And scrub
my knees,



And give my
shoes a
sheen.



For today's the day
that I wear
A brand new hat
and coat,

With new white socks
and a tiny chain,

With a locket at
my throat.



Hiding Places



If you were a rabbit
And were in the habit
Of hiding basketfuls of eggs,

Do you think that
you would hide
The eggs beneath
the divan wide,
Or off behind the table legs?



Just suppose you were
a bunny
With wiggly ears and
whiskers funny;
Wherever would you
tuck away
Those candy eggs
on Easter Day?

